

SHOSTAKOVICH AND RUSSIAN RESISTANCE TO COMMUNISM

(Speech on central television).

I think many of my generation will agree with me that we are all in a colossal debt to Shostakovich: such that it cannot be fully expressed in any words.

Now I feel it especially strongly. Nowadays, young people often tell people of my generation that they do not understand how we tolerated the Leninist-Stalinist regime, how we obeyed it - and even sometimes says that we are thereby guilty of the difficult life that we created for them. And there are people - not necessarily young ones - who make broader generalizations and say that this is the soul of the Russian people, this is a slave soul, he is simply close to a despotic system, he has always strived for such a system.

One important aspect is overlooked here: that this regime was based not only and even not so much on physical suppression as on intellectual and spiritual suppression. Not only were people forced to do what the regime needed, but also to think as it pleased. And, in particular, this concept, which was expressed by the slogan "the people and the party are united" - that the people without resistance and gladly follow the calls of the party - it was instilled in the entire propaganda apparatus of the communist state. And it is still repeated without verification by people who declare themselves opponents of communism. So, on the contrary, then someone can accuse these accusers of the Russian people of a slave spirit. Moreover, now there are no camps, no executions, and it is not clear what makes you repeat this propaganda cliché of the communist era.

Everyone knows how objectionable names disappeared from history under that regime. But the facts that were dangerous for the regime were erased and simply burned out much more diligently. And the main one is the truth about the ongoing opposition to the regime, both physical and spiritual. And Shostakovich in this movement of Russian resistance to communism was one of the central and most extraordinary personalities. This is what I would like to say.

The history of Russian resistance to communism, of course, will one day be written, because we may even need it more than the history of all the horrors that our people endured then. After all, it was in Germany that Hitler came to power in an almost constitutional way, and resistance to him at that moment claimed several dozen lives. We had 4 years of civil war, which consumed millions of lives - and these millions still cannot be counted. And peasant uprisings from Ukraine to Siberia, where, as eyewitnesses testify, people went with pitchforks to machine guns and, together with men, women and children participated. Thousands of uprisings during collectivization, which were pacified by machine guns, and, according to some stories, by the tanks that were just created then.

But there was also spiritual resistance, which should probably begin with the messages of Patriarch Tikhon, where he denounced the communists, talking about the murders of priests and bishops and the execution of the royal family. He prophetically predicted to the communists that any innocent blood would be exacted from them, and they, raising the sword, would perish from the same sword. Being in their full power, he anathematized them (those who at least by baptism belonged to the Church) and forbade the Orthodox to communicate with them. His path was followed by a great number of priests and bishops who refused to pray for the "one in power" when she was the power of the atheists. They were called "non-remembering", and they filled Solovki, and then other camps. Or the priests who served secret services in the camps and everyone who was present at them - under threat for this execution. Finally, the Catacomb Church.

It was in our subjugated communist Russia that the first refutation of the socialist utopia arose, which was not the result of logical reasoning, but the power of art made its way straight to the heart. It was Zamyatin's novel "We", which laid the foundation for the genre of "socialist dystopias" - his famous "London 1984" Orwell wrote, knowing Zamyatin, his letters have survived. Bulgakov wrote "Heart of a Dog", Akhmatova - "Requiem". Daniil Andreev (referring to his verse) says:

Our convulsions under the flattening heel,
Our tortures and our executions will be captured!

And Solzhenitsyn, as a teenager, decided that he should write a novel in which he would tell truthfully about the revolution, and then wrote his works both in the camp and in exile. And only within the framework of this grandiose movement of resistance, physical and spiritual, can, I think, appreciate the role of Shostakovich.

In this movement Shostakovich was a very special participant. His peculiarity was, first of all, especially his language - music. This language does not have an unambiguous verbal interpretation, cannot be translated into words, and therefore is hardly accessible to both the Central Committee and the Cheka leaders. They had, of course, their own healthy sense of smell, and then Stalin declared that Shostakovich had confusion instead of music, then Zhdanov accused him of formalism. But they clearly did not understand the scale of his music as a social phenomenon. And although his whole life consisted of oppression or their expectations, although from time to time it was forbidden to perform his works, after a while the ban was lifted. A. Akhmatova at that time had to give her friends the Requiem by heart to memorize, in order to keep it that way for the future. And Solzhenitsyn memorized his works in the camp by heart and only kept it that way. Daniil Andreev in a prayer poem says:

Help the poem, those that
you command to create at night ,
Into the gap not foreseen by the architect
To hide the silence for a hundred years.
Teach, as a bright wedding, To

wait for your aimless death,
Retaining only the copper cross of silence,
Honor and duty of the poet of our days.

It was a symbol of faith in Russian literature of that time. A. Shostakovich did not carry the "copper cross of silence", his music sounded all over the world and our radio carried it to the most remote corners.

Thanks to this, Shostakovich was then perceived by many as the only voice that Russia could speak. Of course, it was available to a rather narrow circle, since not very many people listen to music, go to concerts. But, on the other hand, thanks to the role played by Shostakovich's music, it seems to me that then more people in general were drawn to music. And of course, with his music, Shostakovich not only expressed our feelings, but also helped to somehow comprehend the life of that time, to bring it simply out of the situation of inhuman absurdity.

What did Shostakovich's music help to understand, what was it about? This, of course, cannot be answered unequivocally, since music does not allow for an unambiguous interpretation in words: otherwise why would it be written? But I will tell you how I and many of us then perceived it. First of all, the whole spirit of his music - if translated into words, it would probably be the language of some mystical visions in the spirit of Dante or even the Revelation of John the Theologian. Like such images: "And I looked, and, behold, a pale horse, and on him a horseman whose name was death; and hell followed him, and he was given power over a fourth of the earth - to kill with the sword and hunger, and with pestilence and the beasts of the earth." ... Images of this type, as if coming from another world, constituted the language of Shostakovich's music. What did she tell us? Applied to another composer, such a question might not make sense. But Shostakovich's music is so tragically passionate that there is confidence: the author wants to convey some concept. That is, it is music that has its own "philosophy". Many then expressed the idea that it was some kind of metaphysics of Evil, a special Evil that we encountered in our lives. It was felt that this is some kind of deep layer of Evil, which before humanity either did not encounter, or only touched its edge and did not have a chance to realize it. Indeed, in our life we have seen something different in principle from the usual atrocities in history, say, conquerors - Genghis Khan or Tamerlane. After all, these were not simple robberies or enslavement of the people, where, although evil, but from time immemorial, are at work: greed or the desire for power. For example, that unprecedented heat of evil, which, as it were, overflowed and led to the fact that this party rushed at itself and began to eat itself up with irrational cruelty. The irrational hatred of religion, which bore the character of some kind of incompatibility, the impossibility of being on the same land with it, was completely unusual. The Church was equally persecuted under Lenin, under Stalin, and under Khrushchev, and in Red Hungary, and in Albania, and in China, and in Cambodia. The opponents here were not competitors in the political struggle, not even another class, but the human soul itself, which is looking for some higher meaning, human individuality. Of course, among the then rulers and leaders there was a mass of crooks and dark personalities, but those on whom it was supported, who united and moved them - these were people who were

ready to make material sacrifices for their cause, even risk their lives. They went as commissars to the civil war or to the village of the era of collectivization, malnourished or even died. And the only reward was that they could destroy churches, drive the peasants to collective farms, exile them to the taiga. That is, as it were, evil became valuable in itself, a reward, it became attractive by itself. And there were some geniuses of evil who could ignite this feeling, pass it on to the next echelon of figures. There was indeed a certain ideal of black beauty. The pathos of the image of the dead world - a mechanism in which a person is only an insignificant wheel, but can infinitely rise above other wheels with his ability to contemplate and accept this majestic picture into the soul without illusions, and then it becomes immeasurably more effective in the operation of the mechanism, the power of its impact on life increases to the same extent. All this moved with some kind of blazing fire of evil. And we recently saw that when the fire burned out, then on a purely material basis this system could not exist and crumbled for no apparent external reason.

A similar picture appeared to me under the influence of Shostakovich's music. Of course, the question arose as to how legitimate such an interpretation was. And very serious doubts were caused by what Shostakovich himself said about this. He often spoke out in print about his works and, for example, about the 7th symphony, he said that the famous theme in the 1st movement, of course, depicts evil, but this is the evil of fascism, which we encountered during the war, and the symphony itself is dedicated to Leningrad who passed the blockade. Yes, he also wrote a musical poem about the Volga-Don Canal and easily signed any appeals with an angry protest against the atrocities of imperialism - as if nothing similar had happened next to him.

Shostakovich's work attracted me very much for the reasons mentioned above. And a very long time ago, more than 20 years ago, I wrote down some of my thoughts on this topic - then I did not at all assume that it could be published somewhere. And then, 15 years ago, he published it - in the West and only recently - here. There I suggested that consciously, with some kind of cerebral cortex, Shostakovich professes those views that he publicly expresses, but that in the subconscious, where true creativity takes place, he proceeds from ideas similar to those I have outlined above. Since then, a wonderful document has appeared that has provided some clarity on this issue. These are the so-called "Shostakovich's Memoirs" published in the West. They were published by the musicologist Solomon Volkov, who emigrated from the USSR. His version is that this is a recording of Shostakovich's stories, then it was printed by Volkov, and Shostakovich scanned and sighted. Indeed, many pages of the text bear Shostakovich's signature. There were also protests calling into question the authenticity of some parts or even the entire manuscript. I do not presume to judge whether all parts of the manuscript are authentic, but that it is not entirely composed - of that I am sure. Because it is such a document that it would be possible to discuss whether, say, Dostoevsky wrote it, but that Solomon Volkov could not have composed it - there can be no doubt about it. And in these "Memoirs" Shostakovich says many times that he wrote - about what was happening then in our country and described not the evil of fascism, but the evil that he saw and felt all his life. In particular, about the 7th symphony, he writes that he dedicated it to Leningrad in memory of the terror of 34-37, that by the

beginning of the war the symphony was practically over, and he even tested the theme from the first movement in the music for some movie. It was dedicated to Leningrad as Akhmatova's Requiem. That is, he quite consciously accepted some interpretation of his works, similar to the one given above, this was his true worldview. Then he paints a striking picture. It can be seen that in childhood he was a weak, fragile boy. And having matured, he remained vulnerable and fragile, wary of manifestations of brute force. And everything around him collapsed under the blows of such forces, and all the time he felt insecure in life, as if on a bird's rights. But now it seems to him that fate smiled at him: he found an influential patron: Tukhachevsky became interested in him. A striking description of how Tukhachevsky gave him almost no advice, played him the violin! But Shostakovich was happy with that too. And suddenly Tukhachevsky was arrested and shot. Shostakovich's opera "Katerina Izmailova" was filmed with a scandal: Stalin came to the performance, said: "Confusion instead of music" and left. In the press - devastating articles with a repetition of the same phrase. Shostakovich says that on some days he actually survived his death, already considered himself a dead man. And when he realized that this time his death had passed, he, as he writes, decided to put on the mask of the holy fool: he will say what he is ordered, no matter how dirty it may be, but in his music he will tell the truth.

In general, this is a document of incredible depth and power. Not on the material of a colossal scale, like "Archipelag Gulag", in a completely different plan, but it seems to me that it creates an equally vivid picture of the life of that era. This is the story of a man captured by some monster, crippled, barely alive. But thanks to his genius, extraordinary strength of mind, he retains all his creative powers - and as a disfigured cripple he still manages to do even more than he would have done had his fate been happier. Here I recall how many said that prison ruins some, and elevates some. Dostoevsky wrote more than once what role the hard labor played in his life. Solzhenitsyn quotes such proverbs as "Prison and suma give mind," the whole chapter on camps is called "Ascent". Daniil Andreev has such a poem:

You are condemned. Shut up. Relentless fate
You were not the first to bring you to a damp prison.
The door is walled up. But under cover of darkness
Feel the ladder, not from, but inside the prison.
Through the thickness of wet walls, through the fortress redoubt
Windy steps will lead to the shore
There free waves, desolation, right, hurry!
And who will find you in the seas of your soul!

It seems to me that in some broad sense, Shostakovich's work can also be attributed to "camp art", and himself - to the number of artists who formed, if not in prison, then under the blows of our then life and under the immediate daily feeling of the proximity of the prison.

In conclusion, it seems important to me to discuss one reproach that is sometimes thrown at Shostakovich - that his music is not national, he is an avant-garde, and the

avant-garde is always not national. It seems to me that this is not so. Firstly, already from the above-mentioned "Memoirs" it is clear what role Russian music played in his life, how he constantly "worked" on Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov. He wrote the claviers of their symphonic works, and arranged the piano scores for the orchestra. And secondly, I remember that a very long time ago one professional, a music critic told me, with some even regret, that Shostakovich is certainly a genius composer, but he is old-fashioned, we know very little about contemporary music (then it really was) and Shostakovich does not "fit" into it. Indeed, he was apparently closer to the composers of the generation that preceded him: Prokofiev, Stravinsky, even to Maler - than to his Western contemporaries. But avant-garde is a relative phenomenon. It's all about the depth of the break with tradition, it is this break that leads to nihilism and the search for other incentives that do not come from the soil and tradition. And as to how much Shostakovich's music was national - that is, nationally Russian, the whole point, it seems to me, is what is the meaning to put into the term "Russian". For example, in literature: who is more Russian - Tolstoy, Turgenev or Dostoevsky? Tolstoy and Turgenev have beautiful landscapes, which can be used to restore the appearance of Russian nature and descriptions of everyday life, right for an ethnographer. In Dostoevsky, if there are descriptions of nature, it is a compressed autumn field, or clouds running across the sky, or Petersburg fogs. And if life, then it is very specific, for example, the life of beggarly furnished rooms. But Dostoevsky had other, no less "Russian" features - for example, the desire to get to the "final questions", as he himself called it. And this is a very essential component of the Russian attitude to life: the feeling that one cannot exist if the meaning of life is not clear. So in this respect, Dostoevsky is no less a "Russian" genius than Tolstoy - and so is perceived by the whole world. And it seems to me that in the same sense Shostakovich is a deeply Russian artist. So in this respect, Dostoevsky is no less a "Russian" genius than Tolstoy - and so is perceived by the whole world. And it seems to me that in the same sense Shostakovich is a deeply Russian artist. So in this respect, Dostoevsky is no less a "Russian" genius than Tolstoy - and so is perceived by the whole world. And it seems to me that in the same sense Shostakovich is a deeply Russian artist.

It was this rootedness in tradition that probably helped him to do what he did in the conditions in which he lived. And he, for his part, can serve as a source of strength for us, for many generations of Russians. And not only he, but wider - the entire movement of the Russian resistance, one of the most prominent representatives of which he was. Some kind of high, heroic and ascetic spirit burned in all of them. He can give strength to us, too, to rise from the catastrophe into which we have been rolling for seventy-four years now and still cannot stop.